

with glee

And wonder what the gifts the Saint shall
bring to you may be;
A thousand fancies fill your heads, a thouof dollies made in wondrous ways or

things that go by steam;
You'll like whatever comes, you know,
And childishly you vow
To keep your treasures well, but, oh,

Where are the toys of last year now? You shouted at the Jumping Jack you'd You laughed to see the antics of the mon-

key on the string;
The fairy book, the pictured blocks, the little train, the doll—
Ah how you danced with gladness as you looked upon them all!

looked upon them all:
But that was long, so long ago,
And you, you know, somehow,
Have newer wants to-day, and oh
Where are the toys of last year now?

Oh, anxious man, oh, lady fair, you court the fates to-day,
And there are blessings rich and rare for which you meekly pray;

A loving glance, a happy smile; perhaps

the strength to take

the strength to take
New-found responsibilities for wealth
honor's sake!—
You grasp new hands and gladly go,
And faithfully you yow
To cherish and to love, but, oh,

Where are the toys of last year now? -S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Record-Herald.

ISS DEBORAH STRAYER, or Aunt Debby, as we one-story house in an old-fashioned street. She was "Aunt Debby" to all when some one who had been to an the young folks of the village. Although she was over 80 years old, her dering some heaters for the church memory was excellent, and she could But so many were opposed to it that tell a story that would interest any- the church continued to be fireless. one. She was a dear, cheery old soul. This Sunday, in the midst of a long, and we all loved her. An old colored tiresome sermon, the weather, which servant lived with her. We girls often had been extremely cold, suddenly dropped in to see Aunt Debby and to grew bitter. The storm broke. The remember her in various ways. It was church seemed to shake and groan. late in December of a hard winter that | but the preacher preached on. When

"The fireplace didn't have an oven, did

"Our ovens were made of brick and built right in the kitchen wall. We heated the oven with glowing logs

from the fireplace." Then Aunt Debby went on telling ly there was such a noise outside that Aunt Debby awoke with a start.

"What's that noise?" she asked, looking around in a dazed way. "I think it must be Santa Claus."

Betty Jones answered with a chuckle. It was Santa Claus, and he was superintending the unloading of a ton of time with a load of wood. Aunt Debby's dear old face fairly shone by the light of the fire.

"How good God is!" she exclaimed. "How good you all are!" "How good you are, dear Aunt Deb

by!" cried out Isabel Howell. When things had quieted down again, Fannie Stearns said: "What did you use to do Christmas when you were a girl?"

"I can tell you what I did one Christmas eve. Christmas was on Monday that year. On Sunday we went to church as usual. The pews were like little houses. They were high and square, with swinging doors. There were seats on three sides. The pulpit was high and was reached by a flight of deep steps. Over the pulpit was a sounding board. Father used to give out the hymns and Melinda Wyckoff's father would sound the key on his pitch-pipe. Folks can talk all they want to about the music in church nowadays, but, oh, wouldn't I like to roll time back just to hear that music of auld-lang-syne? We had a choir-Mr. Wyckoff was the leader-and they sat facing each other, the men on one side, the women on the other. We had instruments, too, violins, flutes, clarinets and bass-viols. Oh, my dears, it

was beautiful. "I told you we didn't have any stoves in our houses. There were none in our churches either until after that Christmas eve that I'm to tell you about. Every one who went to church carried girls called her, lived in a quaint old hot bricks or stones or foot pans filled with glowing coals. There was a time eastern city on a visit, suggested or-



"We Started Indian File."

we found out that Aunt Debby was in | he thought best to stop an hour or straitened circumstances. She did more later he found himself and his not tell us, however, and we did not let | congregation in a dilemma. The snow her know that we knew. But a half was falling and blowing at such a rate dozen of us planned a surprise for her. that one couldn't see a yard ahead. We invited ourselves to a Christmas The drifts in places were taller than eve supper at Aunt Debby's. It was a a man's head. There was not even the bitterly cold evening when we dropped faintest trace of a road; in fact, we in about half-past five, informing her | were blockaded. It was then that laughingly that we had come to take everyone wished for those heaters. tea with her. She had always been so The hot foot-warmers were cooling hospitable that it was pitiful to see the fast. Children began to weep and wait dear old face suddenly pale. Of course | as night closed in. The prospect was we knew the reason-a scarcity of that we would all be frozen before provisions. Doubtless there was morning. No one ever went to church enough on hand to satisfy the hunger in those days without having an of herself and Sukey, but what could abundance of wraps and their feet well she do to satisfy the healthy appetites | protected; this fact was in our favor. of six young girls? But we chased the pallor from Aunt Debby's face by hastily telling her that, it being a The men and women kept up their surprise, we had brought our supper courage by singing and praying. But along. How pleased she was then, as time passed it grew colder and And how delightedly she watched us as we arranged the table! Such a supper! We had brought coffee, sugar after going the rounds of the church and cream, and Sukey made the coffee and waited on the table. We had cold sliced chicken and tongue, bread and butter, biscuits, jelly, fruit and sponge cakes. And when we were through eating there was more food in the basket than we had eaten. We told Sukey to take care of it and her face was aglow when she put the good things away. When the supper was cleared away. Aunt Debby told us stories of auld-lang-syne. There was a bright fire in an old open Franklin stove, Aunt Debby looked at the glow and felt the warmth.

"We didn't have such a nice warm room as this when I was a girl," she said. "Folks hadn't even heard of stoves where we lived."

"Oh, Aunt Debby!" "You needn't say, 'Oh, Aunt Debby!" Mollie Gray," the old lady continued, smiling on us, "for it's the truth. We had big fireplaces then, that would hold great logs. Over those blazing logs we cooked our meals, boiling, stewing and roasting. We used to bake apples over the fire, stringing them on wires. As for potatoes we baked them in hot ashes."

"Oh, my, that must have been lovely,"

"Well, they were nice," said Aunt Debby, "but they had their disadvan-You see a great deal of the beat from the open fire went up the chimney. When we were scorching our faces to get our feet warm, our backs would feel-sometimes-as if some one was rolling snow down them. And if we were warming our backs our noses and our feet would be cold." "How did you bake your bread with-

out a stove?" asked Edith Brown. "In the oven, to be sure."

"What oven?" questioned Edith.

All the children were well wrapped up and fell asleep in the big square pews. colder, and no voice was heard except at intervals when Deacon Van Brunt. and looking at everyone-including the sleeping children, would call out: 'All's well!' and Elder Schuyler would respond: 'Praise the Lord!' The last ime Deacon Van Brunt called out: 'All's well!' his voice was faint and his teeth chattered. We knew then that it wouldn't be 'All's well' much longernot much longer. Suddenly from outside we heard a noise that was not the storm-it seemed to ride the stormit was a yell of triumph. Simultaneously with the yell the door burst pen, and in came 'Alabama,' an Indian chief whom Deacon Van Brunt had once befriended. He was glittering with ice and snow, but his face shone. The 'Great Spirit' had sent him, he said. An Indian can find a path or a made a path from Deacon Van Brunt's had to hurry for fear the path would be closed. The horses were brought from the shed and the women and children were put on their backs. Then we started, Indian file, for Deacon Van Brunt's, which was half a mile away. Alabama headed the procession. It was a wearisome march in the cold and storm, but everyone was welcome which the company received cried Isabel Howell. "I wish we had too thankful to complain. Mrs. Van from their generous entertaine such big fireplaces now."

Brunt—dear soul!—was looking for they consumed for him a consumed for him. us. The logs were blazing in the big cask of wine, a barrel of punch an fireplace and there was an abundant a hundredweight of cake, beside and excellent supper ready. Alabama other knickknacks to a considerable was given the seat of honor. There amount. While the refreshment was a prayer-meeting worthy of the name at Deacon Van Brunt's before

old church."

"Well, Aunt Debby," said he, in his idential chair,"-Washington Star.

genial way, "if these girls don't know enough to go home when it's bedtime, why don't you send them?"

"We know enough to stay," laughed Isabel, "when Aunt Debby is telling

stories." We put on our wraps, kissed Aunt stories until she fell asleep in her Debby good night and piled into the chair. We girls were so quiet one sleigh. Sukey told me as I passed her could have heard a pin drop. Present- at the door: "De jedge done bring Debby good night and piled into the Missie Debby a mighty nice turkey an' all kin's er fixin's."

There were other delightful surprises for dear old Aunt Debby, but we had to go home and go to bed first. The girls went in a crowd next day to wish Aunt Debby Merry Christmas. It was a glorious day, clear and cold and coal. Presently he came again-this bright. We smelled roast turkey before we opened the door. Aunt Debby was at the table with four small guests, ranging in age from six to twelve years. In response to our wondering looks, she said, sweetly:

"They are orphans. They came to wish me a Merry Christmas and I kept them so that they could have one,

poor dears!" Dear Aunt Debby, she was "passing on" her blessings. All that day gifts kept coming, baskets, hampers, and even barrels full to the brim.

"T'ings been a lookin' da'k fo' some ime," Sukey confided to Betty Jones, who went into the kitchen on an errand, "but Missie Debby done say: 'Don't yo' fret, Sukey, behin' a frown-in' Providence God hides a smilin' face.' Den she say: 'Sukey, I's fo' scoah yeahs en ober an' de good Lawd neber failed ter provide-I's not 'fraid, Sukey.' "-Chicago Advance.

PRESIDENTIAL HOSPITALITY. A New Year Reception Given by

Thomas Jefferson When He Was President of the United States.

The ideal reception a century ago rounded up with a "feed." "Feed" included liquid refreshments, and these insured some remarkable scenes at times, incidents of which annotate, if they do not enrich, the history of those early days.

Of these cumbersome and ceremonious affairs only the incidents come down to us in many instances and detail is left to the imagination, but in one of those remarkable letters which the men and women of the early years of the century knew so well now to write a senator from New York has left a clear picture of a New Year reception given by Thomas Jefferson. This letter is dated Jannary 31, 1807, and its writer, Samuel Latham Mitchell, was a physicianstatesman, a man of eminent learning, and termed by many the "Nestor of American science." After several terms in the house he was elected to the United States senate. In a letter to Mrs. Smith, the wife of his colleague in the senate, he sketched the following word picture of a New Year day at the executive mansion:

"The greatest exhibition in Washington is the levee of Mr. Jefferson on New Year day. A large number of the fashionable and respectable persons here make it a point to visit the president on January 1, and that gentleman is always civil enough to be at home and receive them. It is the only great levee day that there is at our court, and on this occasion the company assembles voluntarily without invitation.

Mendanese tribe of Indians, living ity. Some of the more incredulous about 1,600 miles up the Missouri members of the party thought that Putnam Fadeless Dyes. river. His majesty was dressed in a perhaps the animals which answered sort of regimental coat given him by the sound were looking for another her majesty, wrapped in a blanket, no near hiding place and the sunlight sat on one of the sofas in the great | was clear. audience chamber and received the visits of the ladies and people of quality. When I had the honor of being introduced to her she did not rise, nor did she quit her seat during any part of the ceremony.

Another person of distinction was the French minister. This great military character is distinguished by the uncommon size and extent of his whiskers, which cover the greater part of his cheeks, and by the profusion of lace that covers his fulldress coat. His lady was not with happened a little before at the commencement of the session of congress between Gen. T. and the consort of the French minister she had withdrawn from his house and society, and passes her time at present in a humble and solitary way in the neighboring village of Georgetown. In consequence of this misunderstanding the minister had, it is said, attempted to ship off his lady to France. She refused to submit to this, made an outcry, alarmed the neighborhood and brought a mob to per thousand; and the least healthful her house, and finally made her es- state is Louisiana, with a mortality cape from her gallant spouse and has rate of 20.65 per thousand.-Albany Arever since been deprived the pleasure gus. of his company.

"The greater part of the senators were there, and the few whose wives were in town brought them thither to partake of this great exhibition. So it was with the principle heads of the executive departments of the government and their helpmeets. They came forth on this grand occa sion to pay the homage of their re spects to the chief magistrate of th nation. The members of the hous of representatives, the respectabl resident inhabitants, the officers o the army and navy, the strangers of consideration who happened to be in road if anyone can. Alabama had the city and the Osage Indians, mer and women, little and big, crowde to the church-a difficult task and we to the presidnet's house to partak in the festivity of the morning. Th day was very favorable and the as semblage brilliant, as you may sur

"Great mirth and good humor pre vailed, and you may easily conceiv wherefore when it is computed tha besides the smiles of cordiality an were passing around and the con pany helping themselves a band o the dawn of another day. As for the music entertained them with mar heaters, they were sent for and put in tial and enlivening airs. Before the before we had another service in the hour of dining the assemblage o old church."

people dispersed, well pleased with their manner of spending the morn outside and presently in came Judge ing and in high hope that Mr. Jeffer-Howell. CHINESE CHRISTOPHOBIA.

Why It Is That the People of China Do Not Take Very Kindly to Christianity.

The chief obstacle to the spread of Christianity in China is due, I believe, act to any especial dislike of it as an mported religion, but a fear and an objection to certain foreign concomitants which, because of a mistaken point of view, are regarded by missionaries as essentials, writes Francis H. Nichols, in Atlantic. "Christophobia" is due not only to Chinese hardness of heart, but also to the methods by which the message of "Peace on earth and good will to men" has been presented to them.

The missionary tells the Chinese that they need the Gospel above and beyond anything else, but he supplements this announcement with the idea that a Chinaman cannot be a Christian unless his Christianity finds expression in exactly the same forms and observances that it would in the land from which the missionary has emigrated. The missionary does not stop with the statement that the Chinaman is a non-believer in Christianity. He goes a step farther and calls the Chinaman a "heathen." . . . . The conversion of a "heathen" to

Christianity means much more than it would in the case of an American. A Chinaman must not only experience a "change of heart," he must also undergo a complete revolution of opinions and sentiments. He can no longer venerate his ancestors and pray before their tablets that he may keep unsullied the honored name they have left him. In other words, in order to become a Christian, according to missionary standards, a Chinaman must be denationalized. In sentiment he must become a foreigner. And naturally enough his "heathen" countrymen who still love their country and reverence their ancestors do not like the denationalizing process.

COWS SHOWED THE CHARM.

Singular Effect of the Strains of Violin Played to Attract Their Attention.

At a recent concert of the hospital music fund, given in Cambridge city hospital, one of the musicians did a thing which recalls the ancient history of Orpheus and his enchanting lyre, reports the Boston Transcript. At the farther end of a field opposite the institution two cows were quietly grazing with their backs toward the street. The first violinist asserted that he could speak with those cows by means of his violin at that distance. Being doubted, he played one chord on the two lower strings of his instrument. The animals immediately quit feeding, raised their heads, turned in the direction of the sound and looked interested. The violinist drew his bow on the strings a second time and the animals came directly across the field and put their heads over the rails of the fence, with ears thrown forward, nostrils difated and eyes inquiring. The third time the chord was played the animals simultaneously answered with a sharp, short lowing and uneasy stamping of forefeet.

A word in cow language was plainly said by the violin and was answered by the cows. The incident was seen "Of the personages present I observed the king and queen of the Mendanese tribe of Indians, living ity. Some of the more incredulous the government since his arrival, and cow hidden from view, but there was

Liquid Fael.

Apropos of Lord Kevlin's assertion that in 400 years the coal of the world will be used up, M. Cartleux, chief engineer of the Northern railway of France, says that in ten years, between petroleum and alcohol, coal mining will not pay.-Science.

Grape-Stealing Turtles.

A vineyard owner in Algiers discovered that great inroads were made nightly on his grapes. He watched for the enemy and found that a large herd him on account of a rupture which of turtles were the culprits .- N. Y. Sun.

> There Were Two, All Right. Uncle George-You are always complaining about your wife's bad temper, but you know it takes two to make a quarrel.

Harry-In this case the two are my wife and my wife's mother.-Boston Transcript.

Healthy Iswa.

The most healthful state in the union is Iowa, with a mortality rate of 9.2

THE GENERAL MARKETS.

r	Kansas City, Dec. 18.
1.	CATTLE-Beef steers\$3 95 @ 5 35
t	Native stockers 3 00 @ 4 30
e	Western steers 2 75 @ 4 50
5.	HOGS 6 00 @ 6 40
	SHEEP 3 20 @ 4 25 WHEAT-No. 2 hard 66
1-	WHEAT-No. 2 hard 66
•	No. 2 red
e	
e	OATS-No. 2 mixed
e	FLOUR-Hard winter pat 3 25 @ 3 50
i	Soft winter patents 2 25 @ 3 50
•	HAY-Timothy 8 50 @11 50
-	Prairie 5 00 @10 00
n	RRAN 67
n	BUTTER-Choice to fancy 16 @ 27
d	EGGS 22
e	CHEESE-Full cream 12 @ 13
e	FUIATURE HOME BOOME
5-	ST. LOUIS.
70	CATTLE—Beef steers 4 25 @ 6 00 Texas steers 2 65 @ 4 90
)-	HOGS-Butchers 6 30 @ 6 65
4	BHEEP-Natives 3 25 @ 4 00
	FLOUR-Red winter pat 3 35 @ 3 50
e	******** A FP No. 9 mad 79 60 72
t	CORN-No. 2 4346 44
d	OATS-No. 2 32 @ 3214
d	
r	BUTTER-Creamery 23 6 30 DRY SALT MEATS 9 00 6 9 50
50	BACON
r	CHICAGO.
đ	CATTLE-Steers 3 00 @ 6 50
8	HOGS-Mixed and butchers. 5 % @ 6 25
e	SHEEP-Western 3 75 @ 4 25
8	PLOTE Winter natents 140 @ 350
1-	WHEAT-No. 2 red
	CORN-No. 2 4746 52%
-	OATS-No. 2
	RYE-December 49
•	LARD-December 10 171/010 221/
•	PORK-January 15 55 @16 70
b	NEW YORK.
	CATTLE-Steers 4 40 @ 5.75
	21000
	SHEEP 3 00 6 4 35

SHOULD HAVE BEEN RED.

he Name and the Color of the Hal Did Not Correspond, Thought the Young Lady.

"At least, Miss Ticklowell," said the roung man, pale but firm, and standing before her with folded arms, "I am entitled

fore her with folded arms, "I am entitled to an explanation."

"I never supposed, Mr. Hoxwell," she replied, facing him with equal firmness, says the Chicago Tribune, "you would ask me to marry you."

"That is not an explanation. Leaving out of the question the fact that you have accepted my, attentions for a period of a year or more, which I might plead as ample justification for my presumption, if you so consider it, in proposing marriage to you, I am wholly at a loss to understand the repugnance, amounting almost to horror, with which you have turned me down. Am I so disagreeable, personally, that—"

"No, it is not that," she interrupted, covering her face with her hands. "I admire you as a gentleman and esteem you highly as a friend, but can you not see—O, can you not see—why any nearer tie is impossible?"

"No! For the life of me I can't!"

sible?"
"No! For the life of me I can't!"
"Mr. Hoxwell," she said, with restored
calmness, "I had hoped there would be no
necessity for this explanation, but I can
never, never marry a man with black hair
and so grotesquely inappropriate a name
as Rufus!"

She Was Not Superstitious.

She Was Not Superstitious.

During a marriage ceremony at Northeast Harbor, a week ago, the long veil of the bride in some unaccountable way became loosened, and fell. A superstitious bride would have been horror-stricken at such an occurrence—perhaps would have fainted, perhaps postponed the event. Not so this bride. She just stopped the proceedings long enough to readjust the refractory adornment, glanced smilingly at the groom, and then, with a let-the-procession-move look toward the minister, resumed her position at the altar. The reverend gentleman proceeded, and it was noticed that he gave an extra tug at the nuptial knot.—Kennebce Journal.

Frisco System - New Chservation Cafe Cars.

Cafe Cars.

In addition to through chair car and Pullman Sleeper service the Frisco System operates on its trains out of Saint Louis and Kansas City very handsome Observation Cafe Cars, under management of Fred Harvey. These cars are equipped with every convenience, including large library observation room and platform; the former supplied with easy chairs, writing material, lastest newspapers and periodicals. Electric lights and electric fans add to the comfort of the passengers. These trains leave Saint Louis and Kansas City daily via the Frisco System.

She-"Cholly is always running after a heiress. He has a passion for gold." He-"He inherited it. His father died of yel-low fever."—Indianapolis News.

Many of us might be happy if we did not suffer from disorders of the liver. Then we ought to use Dr. August Koenig's Hamburg Drops, which cure the disorders and bring the whole system to a healthy condition.

If you really think you are a guardian of the future, don't be unnecessarily of fensive in the exercise of your high calling.

—Indianapolis News.

Stops the Cough and works off the cold. Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. Price 25 cents.

Waitress (at quick-lunch stand)-"Do you want to eat this sandwich here or take it with you?" Gentleman-"Both."-Harvard

Piso's Cure for Consumption is an infallable medicine for coughs and colds.—N. W. Samuel, Ocean Grove, N. J., Feb. 17, 1900.

We can't help but feel very often that the advice we give is much better than the advice we take.—Indianapolis News.

Iowa Farms \$4 Per Acre Cash, bal. 1/2 crop till paid. Mulhall, Sioux City, Ia We are none of us either as foolish or as

smart as some people think we are.—Indian apolis News.

Life is made up of events and recurrences.

Aperfect Remedy for Constipa-tion, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea

Worms, Convulsions, Feverish-

ness and LOSS OF SLEEP.

Fac Simile Signature of

Cast Hilatcher.

NEW YORK.

Atb months old

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**Prickly Ash Bitters** 

CURES SALLOW COMPLEXION.

For Burns and Scalds Vse

15 Dosis - 35 CINIS

LYDIA E.PINKHAMS VEGETABLE IDid Not Feel That I Could Walk

"Dear Mrs. Pinkham: —It is with thankfulness I write that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been of the greatest help to E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been of the greatest help to me. My work keeps me standing on my feet all day and the hours are long. Some months ago it didn't seem as though I could stand it. I would get so dreadfully tired and my back ached so I wanted to scream with the pain. When I got home at night I was so worn out I had to go right to bed, and I was terribly blue and downhearted. I was irregular and the flow was scanty, and I was pale and had no appetite. I told a girl friend who was taking your medicine how I felt, and she said I ought to take it too. So I got a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and commenced to take it. It helped me right off. After the first few doses menstruation started and was fuller than for some time. It seemed to lift a load off me. My back stopped aching and some time. It seemed to lift a load off me. My back stopped aching and I felt brighter than I had for months. I took three bottles in all. Now I never have an ache or pain, and I go out after work and have a good time. I am regular and strong and am thankful to you for the change.

"I recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound when-

ever I hear of a girl suffering, for I know how hard it is to work when you feel so sick."—Miss Mamie Keirns, 553 9th Ave., New York City.

Women should not fail to profit by the experiences of these women; just as surely as they were cured of the troubles enu-merated in their letters, just so certainly will Lydia E. Pinkham's Merated in their letters, day to the suffer from womb troubles, inflammation of the ovaries, kidney troubles, irregular and painful menstruation, nervous excitability, and nervous prostra-tion; remember that it is Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Com-pound that is curing women, and don't allow any druggist to sell you anything else in its place.

Miss Amanda T. Petterson, Box 131, Atwater, Minn., says:

"Dear Mrs. Pinkham.—I hope that you will publish this testimonial so that it may reach others and let them know about your wonderful medicine. "Before taking Lydia E. Pinkham's

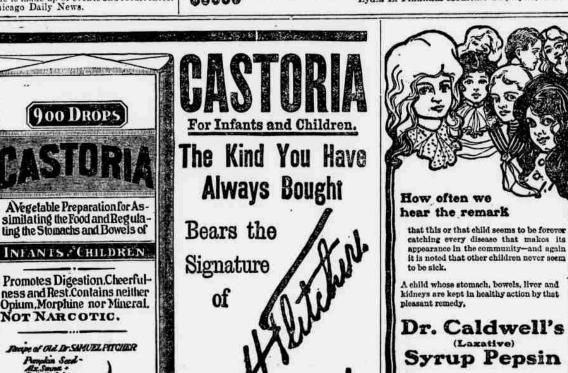
Vegetable Compound I was troubled with the worst kind of fainting spells. The blood would rush to my head, was very nervous and always felt tired, had dark circles around eyes. "I have now taken several bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Com-pound and am entirely cured. I had taken

doctor's medicine for many years but it did me no good.

"Please accept my thanks for this most excellent medicine which is able to restore health to suffering women." No other female medicine in the world has

received such widespread and unqualified endorsement. No other medicine has such a record of cures of female troubles. Those women who refuse to accept anything else are rewarded a hundred thousand times, for they get what they want -a cure. Sold by Druggists everywhere. Refuse all substitutes. \$5000 FORFEIT if we cannot forthwith produce the original letters and signatures of above testimentals, which will prove their absolute genuineness.

Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

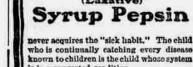


Use

**Over** 

For

Thirty Years



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